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later that he should be put to all-day training in the art which he would choose. Such knowledge of his native tongue and of arithmetic and other simple studies as are obtainable before the age of fifteen are all that should be asked for the commencement.

The boy should be set to work upon his task in the morning, and kept at it, easily, quietly, without haste and without worry, all day long and every day, until the master finds that his apprentice has grown up to his own stature. If, then, the university should wish to teach this artist in his later life—when the young man, already a master in his art, feels the need of more literary cultivation than he has had hitherto—then, to his mature mind and his faculties of perception and acquisition trained, though not in the literary way, the university may offer literature, language, science, what you will. It would be a noble thing to have such a course of what may be called collegiate studies for the grown man. On the other hand, nothing but injury to the artist's career can come from anything like a serious attempt to teach him any of those things which are contained in the language of words during the years which he should devote exclusively to his artistic training.

The conclusion is, that the university may and should have a course of study in the theory and criticism of fine art, including archæology in the widest sense, including, that is to say, the study of the recent past as well as of the remote antiquity, and the careful noting of new views and recently matured lines of criticism, as well as the absolute discoveries of hitherto unknown documents or works of art.

RUSSELL STURGIS.



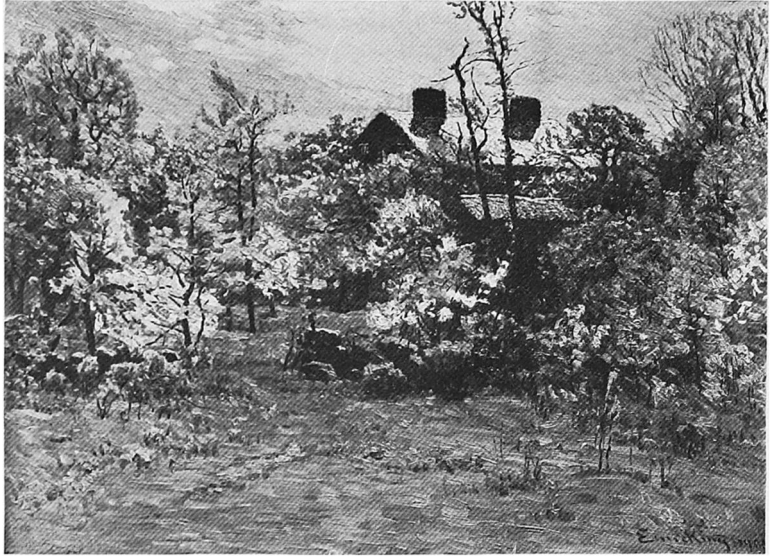
## THE ART OF JOHN J. ENNEKING

One recalls the melancholy brooding of Andrea del Sarto, called "the Faultless Painter," from his perfection of technic, but who was deficient in impulse and soul, when he says in the poem of Browning, "All is silver-gray, placid, and perfect with my art." Citing some of his fellow-painters who strove and agonized to do what came with such facility to him, he adds, "But all the play, the insight, and the stretch—out of me! out of me!" It is this play, this insight, this stretch of imagination and feeling, that makes true art, of which the technicalities are but the instruments of expression; and in the work of John J. Enneking of Boston, one of the most individual of American painters, and withal one of the most developed and rounded of personalities, one sees an admirable illustration of these qualities.

The word "developed" is after all not quite the fitting one, for there is such a spontaneity and inevitableness about Mr. Enneking's nature that one is all the time conscious of original impulse, of innate

force, rather than of special training or cultivation in a scholastic way. One will not have talked five minutes with the artist without having one's wits put at work upon some new thought, which may at first strike one as a paradox, but which will grow lucid and convincing as he develops it. Mr. Enneking is much sought for as a lecturer in Boston and vicinity, and he rarely fails to upset some hoary theory that has served its day, and to reinstate it with a broader thought.

It is not only upon art that he has new and suggestive ideas, but upon progressive movements and subjects in general, for a part of



SPRING MORNING AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

By J. J. Enneking

Mr. Enneking's belief is, that an artist should be a many-sided man, with a practical interest in the community. He himself is chairman of one of the park commissions of Greater Boston, has been one of the chief promoters of the movement for civic beauty and for art in the public schools, and is especially an apostle of the artistic in the handicrafts, the engrafting of the æsthetic on the useful. He has large faith, too, in American originaive genius in the useful arts, and while he does not deprecate but encourages the study of the best in Old World models, it is only for the general training and cultivation of the artistic faculties that the student may thus evolve something fine and individual of his own.

This, too, is his theory in the study of art in general, and the one that he has applied to his own career. He was already a prominent and a successful artist before he had taken any European training, which has doubtless been the safeguard of his individuality. Indeed, he tells us that after returning from Europe, where he had spent one year in the Academy at Munich, and three years in Bonnat's Life School in Paris, with Daubigny as one of his critics, he was ten years trying to find himself; that is, attaining his own individual expression, painting again from impulse, but with the added gain in breadth and ease that his foreign study had given him. To use his own words:

"When I came back from Europe I was not sure whether my work was mine. I knew if Leonardo da Vinci was right, that before one can paint from impulse, and *pour* it on to the canvas, the material must all be in one's head, for when the impulse comes one cannot stop to analyze. I knew that I must go to nature, get my feeling and material directly from her, and not be merely a studio artist."



WINTER NEAR LENOX, MASS  
By J. J. Enneking



J. J. ENNEKING  
From a Photograph

To nature, then, Mr. Enneking went, and painted studies ten years—studies of every typical expression, of every elementary fact, in out-of-door life; of color, tone, and values as modified hour by hour by atmospheric effects; of the same scene at different seasons of the year, making an absolutely faithful memorandum on canvas of accents, of moods,



A LANDSCAPE  
By J. J. Enneking

which would otherwise be too elusive to be recalled, that in after work they might serve not only as suggestions, but as data in color, form, light, etc.

These studies, made at first hand, oftentimes in a few moments, at most in a few hours, are in themselves exquisite transcriptions of nature, and as the artist places one after another upon the easel—now a blossomy May morning, with its lightsome masses of bloom; now the blue of a mountain-top, surmounting the varying green of the nearer hills; now the dull tones of the corn in the shock warmed by glints of sunlight; again the autumn gamut of hues, and winter's bold definition of contrasts—one is no less educated in the subtleties of atmosphere, line, perspective, than enthralled by the soul of it all as revealed by one who understands. But these are studies; they are the material which da Vinci said must be in one's head. What of the work that followed the ten years, the work of impulse?

One must go to Mr. Enneking's studio, or to one of his exhibits, to see in how far he has compassed the task which he decreed himself. Perhaps one of the first things which one notes is, that his work is indeed not studio art, not synthetic composition, making up a landscape for instance, with a still pool in the foreground, a clump of trees on the bank, a partly concealed house in the distance, and

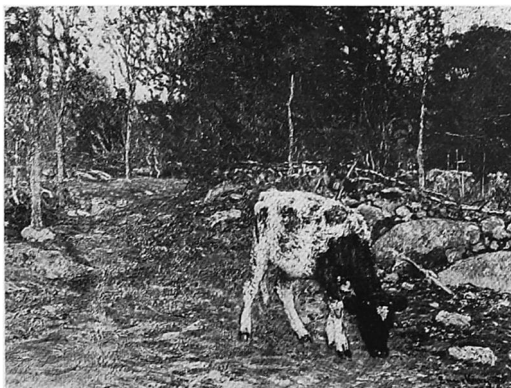
the atmosphere to harmonize with all. Such conventionality of treatment, wherein the pictorial side is the most obvious, is utterly removed from Mr. Enneking's style. He gives one instead a brown hillside, ample and strong, undulating in one vast crest to a ravine, and surmounted by a few trees—this the simplicity of detail, the faithfulness of rendition, but all infused with that imaginative sentiment, hallowed by that poetic penumbra which distinguishes the artist's every canvas.

Mr. Enneking is a colorist, but not a riotous colorist. He does not startle, he satisfies. One is not all the time wondering if nature *does* look that way, if an artist really does see those colors, as he is compelled to wonder very often in modern painting, but he *knows* she looks that way, and draws a deep breath of acquiescence and delight when her familiar beauty greets him from the canvas.

Mr. Enneking loves to paint the rich, subdued tone of a late autumn woodland. He is acknowledged to have created, artistically speaking, the November twilight, that semi-tone of color and harmony which an artist may imbue with more feeling than he may any other note in nature—if it be in him to express. He has several can-



VENICE  
By J. J. Enneking



CALF IN THE LANE  
By J. J. Enneking

vases of different detail set to this key, and has attained in it a freedom of expression that comes only from such intimacy with the subject itself that the spirit, and not the form, becomes the artist's medium. When one remembers that Corot painted the same theme over five hundred times, with only slight variation in com-

position, getting more and more detached from mere pigment, more exquisitely refined and spiritual, this focusing of power to one point becomes expedient and admirable.

It must not be inferred, however, that Mr. Enneking's reach is summed up in one class of subjects. On the contrary, he has a most varied range, as was shown in the great diversity of studies directly from life and nature. But each artist has a keynote of temperament, of spirituality to express, and one feels that in those deep, brooding twilights, where the gold just lingers in the brown November wood, and a mysterious subtlety is over nature, compelling one to contemplation, he has thus far reached the apogee of his own art.

In his landscapes, which seem the most characteristic one feels nature's grave, serene poise and strength, as one does in a work of Daubigny's,



THE CLAM-DIGGER  
By J. J. Enneking

though Mr. Enneking's coloring is usually warmer, and there is more vitality than in the sometimes melancholy expressions of Daubigny. The painting of Mr. Enneking which took a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition is one which exactly illustrates this phase of his art. It is in very dark tones, a woodland view with simplicity of form. Its primary appeal is not through color, but it is of a tone that gathers richness and definition as one looks at it, as it also gathers light. One's first impression of the picture is, that it is too dark, as one in nature feels the darkness upon entering a wood.

But one soon perceives the gradually returning light. Just this, in an artistic way, the artist has expressed in the growing values of his picture, and not less emotionally has it the power of growing illuminative, and leading one out by its reflective suggestion.



AN INTERIOR  
By J. J. Enneking

Mr. Enneking has ideality so strong in him that he is very likely to work at a canvas at intervals while it remains in his studio, as did his friend George Inness, who, he says, could never let a picture alone while it remained in his possession. Recently he has been reanimating, one might say, a landscape which was exhibited at the World's Fair, imbuing it with a richer hue, a warmer atmospheric effect, without altering the detail. Upon first thought one would be skeptical of such an attempt; he would fear for the spontaneity and impulse of the picture, but should one see it, partly developed by the new motive and partly as at first conceived, there could be no two opinions about it. A soul was imparted to the picture that gave to it an entirely different sentiment. There might be a fatal chance in this method to some artists, but not to Mr. Enneking, as the work attests. His retouching is done on too certain lines.

In common with all artists who aim for truth, Mr. Enneking's



work shows the influence of the newer thought in color and light, without being what one would term impressionistic. Up to the time of Manet and Monet, the prophets of the "plain air" school, the painting of absolute values in nature had not been attempted. All values were relative, were by a scale of correspondences, whereby each note was made to harmonize with the key of the whole. Such actuality, such vivid, palpitating life as vibrates from one of Monet's canvases, was unknown in art before his time, though Manet's work



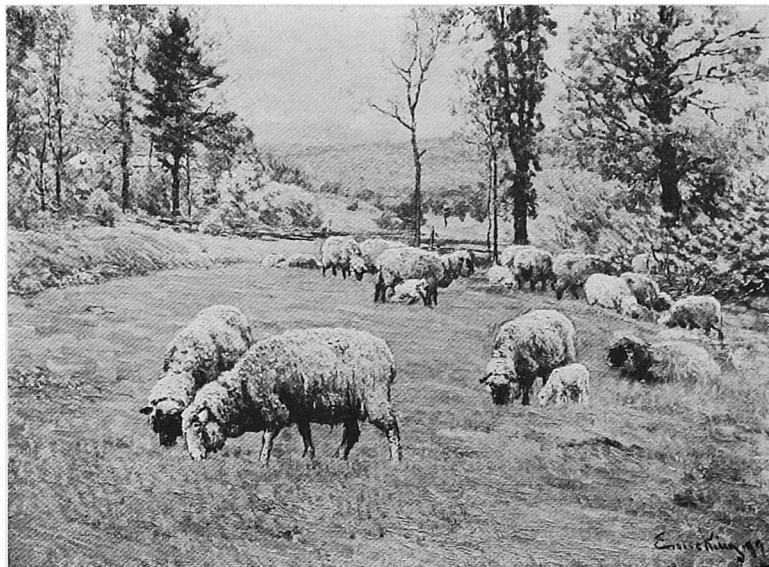
THE BROOK  
J. J. Enneking

had been instinct with it in a less varied range. Chiaroscuro, in the old sense of the term, or gradation, as it was called, is done away with in Monetism, and the actual illusion of light, and of sunlight, as nearly as pigment may compass it, is substituted.

Impressionism is, in its present application, a misnomer. Monet and his co-workers disclaimed that they were impressionists more than were others who were not of their creed. The term was applied to them when their aim and method were not yet understood and accepted. They called themselves "plain air" painters—painters of the real light of nature—and followed the prism idea representing light by the vibration of the three primary colors. They were impres-

sionists only in the sense that all artists are impressionists, painting their individual idea, their impression of nature, whether in black-and-white or in color.

The danger in Monetism (which is the more accurate term) is, that it shall occupy itself so much with actuality that it lose all element of imagination. One demands more of an artist than rendition, however faithful. He demands feeling, suggestion, a personal philosophy revealed in the touch and spirit of the picture; one expects an artist



SHEEP AND LAMBS  
By J. J. Enneking

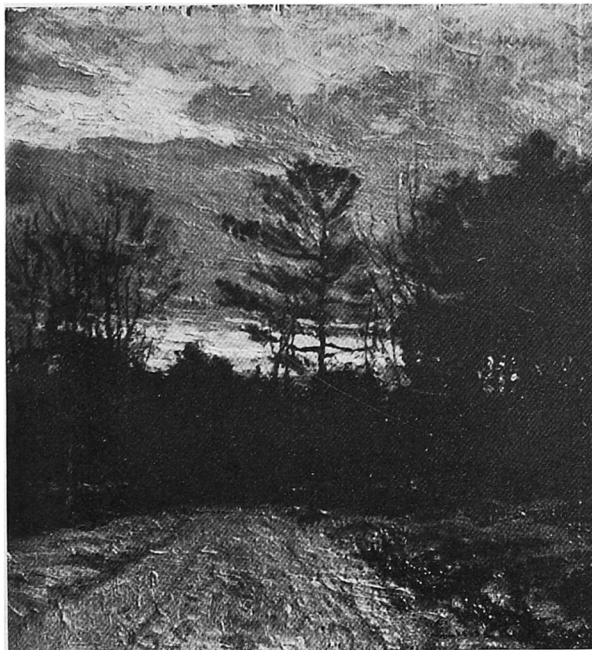
to see visions and dream dreams, and to make one see them in turn, and the work of one master is differentiated from that of another by his interpretation of his own vision.

Now, the so-called impressionists are likely to see facts in nature without the mystic aura that surrounds them; they lose the ethereal part, and hence there is something faultily faultless and icily regular even in the glory of their coloring, and the moving vitality in which it abounds. It is hard coloring, it does not diffuse itself with one's fancy, and it is often vitality without soul.

This sort of impressionism is not found in Mr. Enneking's work, but rather that which makes the word synonymous with individuality.

The technical principle of light and color as developed by Monet, and now widely accepted, has been applied in many of his pictures, and wonderful effects of verisemblance attained through it, but without the loss of that element of poetry and emotion which so characterizes his art, and imparts to it its peculiar and individual charm.

"Our danger," says Mr. Enneking, "is of running into a creed,



WINTER TWILIGHT  
By J. J. Enneking

so that one individual shall dominate. Our young men have come back from Europe with a Monet receipt, and say that whatever is not like that is bad. There had been a similar tendency to imitate the Barbizon school. We are in a transition state that is very healthy, but at the same time dangerous. We have summed up the art of the various countries, and now must evolve an art in which the American spirit shall dominate."

One of Mr. Enneking's interesting theories is, that if one is to realize the highest expression of his nature, one must not be a missionary with the brush; and furthermore, that the mission of art can-

not be grasped. † Morally bad art may be as great from the artistic standpoint as morally good art. Morally good art may be very weak art, and *vice versa*. No one will live to measure the ultimate trend of it. The most irreligious man may paint the most religious picture, since the artist has only in view his highest ideal of the subject in hand, whatever its ethical nature. Mr. Enneking does not disparage religion, but his point is, that one cannot be an artist by virtue of religion, nor by virtue of anything but a strong, compelling impulse, a love that enables one to pour upon the canvas that which is waiting for expression in the soul.

Of public recognition of his work, manifest in the outward and visible sign of medals, etc., Mr. Enneking has had a generous meed. At the Pan-American Exposition the silver medal which he received was but second in the entire exhibit. At the Paris Exposition he received a bronze medal, at the Boston Interstate Exhibition four gold medals, and at various other Boston exhibits four silver medals have been accorded him. His work is widely acknowledged as one of the finest expressions in modern American art.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.



## NATIVE ART IN THE MORO COUNTRY

As your correspondent has been sketching and photographing in the island of Mindanáo, where white man never trod before, perhaps an account of the trip, and especially of the methods of Moro artists, may be of interest to the magazine's readers. The Moro sultan and dattos do not encourage visits from foreigners. They prefer to be let alone. The Spanish residents of the Philippines can tell of numerous cases in which small parties went to the lakes in the interior of the island and never returned. My opportunity to visit the forbidden portion of the island occurred when the American column of United States soldiers marched from the sea to the great lake country in the interior. The writer was fortunate enough to be with this expedition, and



ARTIST EN ROUTE